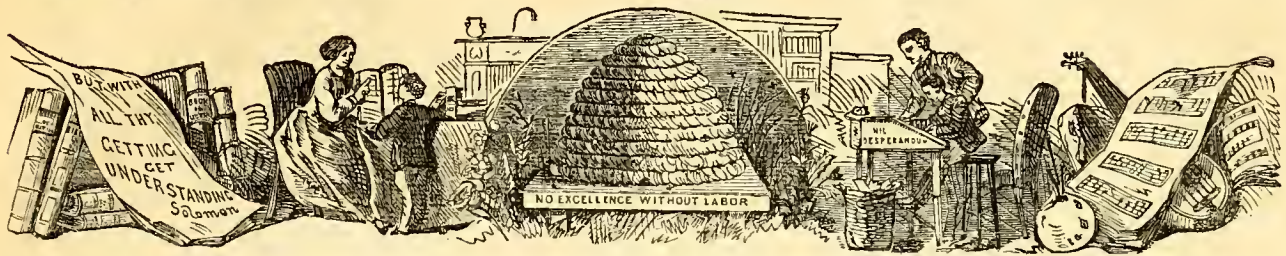


Holiness to the Lord!

# The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 5.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1870.

NO. 15.

## OUR MENAGERIE.

HERE we are again in the midst of our birds, beasts and fishes. What shall we look at to-day? Ah, there is a Camel, a Bear, a Zebra, a Stag, a Boa Constrictor, a Sword Fish, an Ourang-Outang, a Butcher Bird and two Jays. Let us proceed at once to examine them.

The Camel first claims our attention. It is indeed a valuable animal. Without it communication between distant countries, separated by wide tracts of frightful deserts such as the Sahara in Northern Africa, and the deserts of Arabia and Central Asia, would be almost impossible to men; but with it the journey is a comparatively easy task. It seems as though God made it for just that purpose and that alone, as in colder and more variable climes it will not breed. Besides being so valuable as a beast of burden it is useful in many other ways. It furnishes the Arab with flesh and milk, of its hair he weaves clothing, and even tents; his belt and sandals are the products of its hide, and its dung affords him fuel. You never heard of bands or herds of wild Camels running about in Arabia, Persia or Barbary, and being hunted by Arabs, Moors or Persians, for the fact is they are only found in a domesticated state; that is, subject to the will of man, tame, used as his servant, as the horse or ox. There exist two distinct species of Camel. First the Bactrian Camel with two humps on his back, then the Dromedary with only one hump. Both are beasts of burden, but the first named is the stronger and more rare of the two. Now, let us pass along.

A fine Stag comes next in turn. This is an animal of the deer kind, and of these graceful quadrupeds there are nearly fifty species known to scientific naturalists. You all know what quadruped means? Of course, an animal with four feet. Boys and girls are not quadrupeds, they are bipeds. That is, they have each two feet. Birds are also bipeds. The animals of the Deer species are found throughout Europe, Asia, America, and the Islands of the Indian Ocean. In Africa only two kinds are found, and these are confined to the mountain regions near the coast of the Mediterranean sea. But if Africa has only two species of Deer it abounds with Antelopes, and these last are very near kindred to the Deer.

Of the many different kinds of deer that exist, our little friends have had their attention drawn quite lately to the Elk, Moose and Reindeer. Then there is the Wapiti, a native of this continent; the Virginian Deer are also found largely in the States; the Pita, the Brocket and others of South America; the Red Deer, the Fallow Deer and the Roebuck of the eastern continent, and a number of differ-

ent species, with various queer names, that you would not remember were we to repeat them to you, that are found in Japan, Sumatra and the great Oriental Islands.

Ours is a fine old Stag, whose home is amongst the lakes and hills of the highlands of Scotland, where deer stalking, as hunting this graceful creature is termed, is a favorite sport with the nobility. Come! let us continue our research.

Ah, a Butcher Bird. One of the Shrike family, as naturalists call them. He has transfixed a beetle on a thorn and is about to enjoy his repast at leisure. It seems strange that this bird should have the odd habit of butchering its food, which other families of birds do not give way to. This is a very brave bird, its courage is beyond almost every bird of its size. It is not a very large bird, you observe, about ten inches long, but when its young are attacked it will do battle with the largest hawks, even with eagles, in their defense, with a resolution truly astonishing, so that on most occasions the invaders decline the contest.

There are bears in Europe, Asia and America, but no bears in Africa. There are Brown bears, Black bears, Grizzly bears, Polar bears, Syrian bears, Bornean bears, Malayan bears, Siberian bears, and bears with several other names all different from the rest in some way or other. The Polar and Grizzly bears are the most formidable. The first is found amongst the snows and ice of the Arctic regions, the second is a native of these Rocky mountains, and by no means a pleasant neighbor. The Brown bear is found in both Europe and Asia, while the Black bear inhabits the whole of United States territory, Alaska perhaps excepted.

The Grizzly bear is the most ferocious of its tribe, and its strength equals its ferocity; and many a melancholy tale of trapper and Indian hunter attests its dangerous prowess. The Indians esteem the killing of one of these creatures a feat almost equal to killing a human enemy; and one of the ornaments in which they take especial pride is a necklace of bears' claws; only to be worn by those who have killed the animal from which they have been taken.

The Polar bear is an interesting fellow. He is a great swimmer, and is almost as much at home in the water as a fish. Arctic voyagers have found him out at sea twenty miles from land. His food is principally fish, and his ability as a swimmer and diver helps him materially to obtain his livelihood. Birds and their eggs, and four footed beasts, when he can lay his claws on them, are also



[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

welcome to his palate. He is a large animal, weighing sometimes as much as sixteen hundred pounds. The males of these animals do not go to sleep in winter. The females, however, will bury themselves in the snow until they bring forth their young. The cubs are often captured in these snow caves by means of dogs which the Esquimaux train for this particular purpose.

The Bear in our menagerie is a Black bear.

We next come to a Zebra. Of this animal there are two kinds, which are easily distinguished from each other. The true Zebra is striped to the very hoofs, the dark bands running round its legs like rings; these stripes extend in the same way entirely over its head almost to the tip of its nose. The other kind is striped only over the body, the marks on the legs being very faint, if it is streaked at all. This kind is known as the Danu or Burchell's Zebra. Both kinds resemble each other in form, being very much like a horse or mule. Both are found in Southern Africa, and both are very beautiful animals. But they are very difficult to tame, and have the character of being "treacherous, wicked, obstinate and fickle," by no means a good reputation for either man or beast. Indeed, we have never yet heard of any one of these creatures that could be said to have been completely tamed.

But we must hasten. The terrible Boa-Constrictor now draws our attention. He is preparing his dinner. These creatures only dine once in a while, but then they eat enough to last them for some time. Having encircled with their deadly coils some deer, buffalo or other animal, they will crush its bones, then after licking it all over they will commence to swallow it. This operation will often take some hours. After their meal they will fall into a state of torpidity, remaining so until their food is digested, and they again feel hungry. They then lay in another stock to last them for three weeks or a month. The hottest regions of the earth are the native homes of these creatures. They generally measure from thirty to thirty-five feet in length, though some have been seen much longer. It is a blessing they are not more numerous.

Here is an Orang-Outang, an immense monkey. We have little to say regarding him, as his habits are but little known, and many of the stories told of him are but "sailor's yarns." His home too is so far removed from the abodes of men, being in the midst of the densest tropical forests, where the savage even, seldom roams, that we know but little more of him now-a-days than did the ancients. The Orang-Outang is exclusively Asiatic, inhabiting Borneo, Sumatra, the peninsular of Malacca, Cochin China and the surrounding Islands.

Here is a wonderful fish. It is a Sword-fish. It has no teeth, but instead a long bony substance extending from its head like a spear or sword. This is its weapon of offense and defense; with it, it will attack the huge whale and other denizens of the deep ocean. Sometimes it will run a muck with some passing vessel, plunging its sword deep into its oaken sides. In these encounters it is sometimes worsted, being unable to draw out the sword after it has once pierced the vessel's side, when it has either to accompany the ship on its voyage or break off its weapon.

Two Jays are the last that we shall visit to-day. They are from Europe, and are rather larger than the American Blue Jay. They are very pretty birds, but have very harsh voices, and as chattering are equal to Magpies. They have been termed the coxcombs of the feathered tribes, conspicuous for the finery of their clothes, but still more for their whimsical tones and gestures.

Our ramble for to-day is ended. Our Menagerie is closed and we betake ourselves home, hoping that we may enjoy at some future day, another walk amongst the creatures of the earth, sea and sky, the Great Creator has formed for our good.

G. R.

## Chemistry of Common Things.

### MERCURY-QUICK-SILVER.

THIS metal is also known by chemists as hydrargyrum; it is fluid at ordinary temperatures. Its uses are very numerous; by it our mirrors, or looking glasses are silvered; it is used to form some of the most beautiful pigments or paints, and also in medicine.

It is also of much importance in working metals by amalgamating with them; this is the reason why, in mining countries, it is much sought after. The word amalgam means a mass formed by the intimate union of some other metal or metals with quicksilver. This is effected in various ways, but always by, in some way or other, bringing the metal in close contact with the quicksilver, generally by grinding them together. When an amalgam has been formed, the quicksilver may be driven off by heat, as it is capable of being raised in a state of vapor. When necessary, for purposes of economy, to secure the quicksilver, this may be done by distillation, the vapor condensing in a cool place provided for the purpose.

Quicksilver is sometimes found in the metallic state; it is then seen as globules in the crevices of the ores from which it is obtained. Sometimes small "pockets" have been found in mines, this kind is generally very pure and is called "virgin mercury." There are accounts of a stream being occasionally broken into from which large quantities have been obtained. But it is from the ore called "cinnabar," a red rock, consisting of sulphur and quicksilver in chemical union (H. S), that it is chiefly obtained.

It may seem strange to the young student that a metal can, with propriety, be called so, when it exists always in a state of fluidity. But this is not really true; at a very low temperature even quicksilver takes the state of a solid, and has all the characteristic of a metal, and is even malleable like lead. In fact, all metals are capable of being made fluid at a temperature that is called their "melting point." We have seen that potassium and sodium may be moulded between the fingers like wax, and that they will burn in water, and one will melt in water at a temperature below the boiling point of water. The melting of a spoon, in a tea-cup, one of the tricks of the conjuror depends upon the fact that some alloys of metal melt at the low temperature of boiling water; one part bismuth, one of tin, one of lead and a little quicksilver forms the alloy.

It may be interesting to relate a story about the discovery of a considerable mine of quicksilver at Carniola, in Austria. Some coopers were working on the spot. One of them had put a new tub at a place where the dripping water from a rock could fall into it to test its soundness. In the morning, to his great astonishment, and even terror, he found he could not move the tub, it seemed to stick to the ground. Mustering up courage to examine it, he found at the bottom a heavy fluid, some of which he took to an apothecary, who shrewdly gave the man a trifle, and told him to bring over all the "odd stuff." However, the story soon oozed out, and a company was formed for working the mine.

Mining in that country is described as "dreadful work." The fumes of quicksilver are very pernicious. It is said



that miners hold a piece of gold in the mouth to form an amalgam with these fumes. This would be more imaginary than real benefit. Nearly all mining is injurious work; being shut out from pure air alone is pernicious. It is well to remember that this metal, although extremely volatile, rising, as it does in vapor, at the temperature of 220°, a little over that of boiling water, does not change its pernicious nature. It is still a metal, but its particles are smaller. In this state it may be breathed into the lungs, and produce dreadful results! Should any one have to work in the midst of such fumes, by placing a cap over the amalgam, like a funnel, the fumes may be carried off. Many years ago a great deal of work was done in manufacturing towns by using amalgam; and, no quicksilver scarcely was lost. For if this vapor is allowed to pass through cold water, the heat is abstracted, the mercury then falls to the bottom of the vessel and unites in one fluid brilliant mass, as before.

The sulphuret of mercury may be made very brilliant; it is the well-known "Chinese vermilion." Its use has been known for ages. Beautiful colors are seen on Chinese and Japanese paintings, and fine effects are produced by this color and that of "lapis lazuli," or ultramarine. There are indications of some of these colors among our minerals; we may have, by and by, valuable pigments, and even gems to offer to the world! One thing is very certain; when we find a promising pebble or rock we should not sell it for a trifle, as the cooper did his quicksilver, but let some competent and *honest* judge determine its value. For, there are pebbles, and *some of great value*, sold to the first one who passes along at a cheaper rate than the apothecary bought the quicksilver.

BETH.

## A GENEROUS TURK.

A CRIMINAL at Damascus was condemned to death, and was led to the place of execution to undergo the sentence of the law. With death so near, the sad and painful thought oppressed his soul, that since his condemnation he had not once seen his wife and children, and had not been able to take leave of them. Then lifting up his hands he exclaimed— "Oh, is there not among the many who stand here one generous heart, who will be surety for me, so that I may go and see my wife and children once more before I die?"

The cart upon which the criminal sat stopped, and there was solemn silence among the multitude of people which had assembled. The imploring, earnest cry of the unhappy man had struck many. The hearts of all were deeply affected by it.

Suddenly a Turk of noble birth stepped from out of the crowd, and inquired of the criminal, "Where is your family?"

"In Salahije," he replied.

"How much time do you think you will require to see your family once more?" asked the Turk further.

"An hour," replied the condemned, "at the longest."

"And you will return here again in an hour?"

"Yes, I will," exclaimed the criminal.

"And you," said the Turk, now turning to the executioner, "will wait an hour for the execution?"

"I am allowed to do so," answered he. "But," he added, in a decided tone, "reflect well on what you are about to do! If he does not return; in that case I must strike off your head instead of his."

"I trust him," said the noble Turk. "Set him free, and bind me! I am content that it should be to me as you have said."

Amazed, and yet with sympathy, the crowd gazed at him who had shown such generosity. The criminal's chains were loosened, and fastened on the Turk. The criminal was soon out of sight. The bystanders now were full of anxiety and fear, which became more and more intense as the hour slipped fast away.

"Will he keep his word?" some whispered. Others prayed to God for the innocent man, whose head must fall if the criminal proved faithless.

The condemned man ran swiftly to Salahije. Once more weeping he pressed his wife and children to his breast, then he tore himself from them, and hastened back to the place where the procession had halted and waited for him. But on the way evil thoughts came into his mind. Should he not save his life and flee into the mountains? He stood still for a while, but then his better feelings gained the mastery. "He has taken my place, relying on my truth! No!" he exclaimed, "he has shown such noble generosity, I dare not be faithless to him."

The taking leave of his family had been very hard and sad to him, and had kept him longer time than he had intended, and this hesitation, too, during the struggle between truth and dishonor in his heart, had taken up a few of the precious minutes.

"The hour is gone," said the stern executioner to the noble substitute. "You have made yourself the surety for an unworthy man, and you must die in his place!"

The procession now moved slowly on to the place of execution, amid the weeping and lamentation of the crowd. Even the executioner was inwardly moved to mercy, but the judgment had been pronounced, the order had been given to him; he dared not set the prisoner free.

More slowly than at other times the procession moved on to the place of execution. Many eyes, indeed, were often anxiously turned back, but he whom they expected came not. The hope of the deliverance of the innocent man, who had trusted to the honor and truth of the criminal, gradually faded away. And now they had come to the place of execution. The noble-hearted surety was being stripped to the waist; his neck was already laid bare, when a piercing shriek was heard in the distance. "Stop! stop!" cried the people, and the executioner let the sword sink back into its scabbard.

"Yes, it is he! it is he!" cried the people with joy. The condemned man rushed breathless into the midst of the crowd.

"Set him free!" he cried, when still far off; "here am I! Execute me!"

But the executioner was as deeply affected as the multitude which surrounded him. He loosed the bands of the noble Turk, at whose feet the condemned man threw himself, and thanked him for his generosity. The executioner, however, did not bind the criminal, but said, "Follow me to the Pacha."

And they followed him, and the crowd followed them too, to the Pacha, to whom the executioner related all that had happened.

The Pacha turned to the condemned man, and said, "Speak, why did you not use the chance which you had to set yourself free?"

The criminal threw himself down before the Pacha, and confessed that he had hesitated—that he had struggled with himself—"But," cried he, "I could not and dared not repay the generosity of this noble man with such base ingratitude, and thus rob all Moslems of their trust in truth and honor."

"You have spoken as bravely as you have acted," said the Pacha, "and now I, too, will show generosity. Go home, you are free! Your crime is pardoned."

This story of a Mohammedan Turk, showing such noble and loving generosity, is related by a truth-loving man who was on the spot at the time.—*Selected.*



# The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1870.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



N the United States, before the rebellion of the Southern States, the money or currency of the country was principally gold and silver. Since that time paper is used as currency. These notes are called greenbacks, because of the color of the paper which is used. The Indians that lived here when the continent was discovered also had a currency; but it was not gold or silver or paper. Their currency was made out of shells, and they valued it very highly; in fact, more than gold or silver. Their currency was called wampum. There were two kinds; the purple or black, and the white. The purple was made from the interior portions of the common conch. The white was made out of the pillar of the periwinkle. This latter shell resembles a snail's shell somewhat in its shape. These portions of the shells were converted into a kind of bead, being made round and a hole bored in them, so that they could be strung on a fibre of deer's sinew. After the whites came, instead of taking deer's sinews for strings or threads, the Indians used linen thread. When thus made these beads or shells were highly prized. Sometimes they were worn around the neck, and very frequently were sewn as edging on garments. When treaties were made between two different tribes, or with the whites, these strings were united in the form of broad wampum belts, and were considered as binding as written documents are among white nations. Before the whites came, the labor of making these beads by hand, without the use of iron or steel instruments, must have been very great, and the wampum been very costly. When the Dutch came over, they introduced the lathe in making wampum, polishing and boring it with exactness, and they soon had the whole business in their hands of supplying this article to the Indians. From the Dutch records at Albany it appears that three purple beads of wampum or six of white, were equal to an English penny. There were some variations, however, in its value. A single string of wampum, six feet long, rated at five shillings; and in New Netherlands, as New York was called by the Dutch, is known to have reached as high as one dollar and sixty-six cents. Lands and furs and everything which the Indians had to sell were purchased by this kind of coin. They esteem it more valuable than what we call the precious metals. It is stated on good authority that the first church built on the (now) Jersey shore, opposite New York, was constructed out of funds, contributed from Sabbath to Sabbath, in grains of wampum by the Dutch people. Coin was scarce, and paper money not known among them, and without doubt these beads answered just as good a purpose for the time being as gold or silver would have done.

WE read of men killing themselves for various causes; but the strangest instance of the kind is found in the history of Alexander the Great. When Alexander penetrated into

India, a man by the name of Calanus, who was called the wisest man of his country, was persuaded to attend upon the court of Alexander. He was 83 years of age and had never been afflicted with sickness. But on one occasion he had a severe colic, and he resolved to put himself to death. He was determined that the perfect health he had always enjoyed should not be impaired by lingering pains. He was also afraid of falling into the hands of the doctors and of being tortured with loads of medicine. He besought Alexander to order a funeral pile to be erected for him, and desired that after he had climbed up upon it, fire might be set to it. The King at first thought that Calanus might easily be persuaded to give up so dreadful a design; but, not so; he could not be moved; he was determined to kill himself, and finally, Alexander consented to his request. The funeral pile was built, and Calanus rode to the foot of it on horseback, offered up his prayers to the gods, had all the ceremonies observed which were practiced in those days, and requested the people to be merry that day; after which he ascended the funeral pile with cheerfulness, laid himself down upon it and covered his face, and when the flames ascended around him he never stirred. His fortitude surprised the whole army which was gathered around to watch the strange proceeding. A man must have had a great fear of doctors and their medicines to take this method of escaping from them. If every body that had the colic or other sickness in these days were to kill himself, men would not live to be very old.

IN your reading, children, you will sometimes see mention made of the "Gordian Knot." We will explain to you what it means. When Alexander the Great was on one of his campaigns he came into a country called Phrygia, the capital of which was called Gordian. Having taken the city he was desirous of seeing the famous chariot to which the Gordian Knot was tied. This knot was very famous, for, according to the ancient tradition of the country, it had been fore-told that the man who could untie it, should possess the empire of Asia. This knot fastened the yoke to the beam of the chariot, and was tied with so much art, and the strings were twisted in so intricate a manner, that it was impossible to discover where it began or ended. Alexander firmly believed that he was the man concerning whom the tradition related, and after trying to untie it without succeeding, he exclaimed, "It is no matter which way it be untied," and thereupon cut it with a sword.

Writers very frequently use the phrase, "Cut the Gordian Knot," when they wish to convey to their readers the ending of a difficulty by a direct method, such as Alexander used when, instead of untying the knot, he cut it.

IN another column will be found the Resolutions adopted by the Young Ladies of the 13th Ward, who have formed themselves into an Association to carry out Retrenchment. The resolutions of other Associations will be published from time to time, and we intend to devote a portion of our space, which we shall call "The Young Ladies' Column," to subjects in which the girls will be interested.

IF misfortune come into your house, be patient and smile pleasantly, and it will soon stalk out again, for it can't bear cheerful company.

Hope is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed soul company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way—all the miseries of our pilgrimage.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency; it does a man no good to carry around a lightning-rod to attract troubles.



[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

THE BEE-HIVE.

THE silence of an early morning hour surrounds me, I only that the wind is howling around the house, while I am listening to the report of the little bee about what he saw and heard during his trip from which he has just returned. It runs thus:

THE ICELANDERS.

Far away, high up in the northern regions of the great Atlantic lies a big island, which is like the machine shop of old mother Earth, for the continual thundering, rattling, quaking and shaking of the ground, which the subterranean fires in that country make, is far beyond the descriptive powers of any one. A great many volcanoes, covered to the top with eternal snow and ice, emit incessantly fire and smoke; some hot and boiling water, others again fiery lava, while others, being still at present, seem only to wait for a favorable chance to burst out again with redoubled fury. Besides, the lower portions of the country are torn and racked in the most fanciful forms by the constant earthquakes and outbreaks of the fires from below. All the higher lands are, summer and winter, covered with snow, while only a very small proportion of the lower lands are fit for stockraising purposes, the country being in so high a latitude that the people could not think of raising anything else in the farming line but potatoes and oats, and of this crop once in a while a large proportion does not attain to a degree of ripeness fit for the use of man. In this rocky, dreary and unfertile country, which enjoys only two seasons in the year, to wit, a summer of three and winter of nine months, exist and enjoy life in their own way, a fine and hearty set of honest people, who speak their own, but very ancient language in about two little towns and ten to fifteen villages or rather scattered homesteads. One would suppose that when their winter sets in, during which time the sun scarcely rises above the horizon and they have to burn the lamp nearly the whole day, the people would have to lead a very lonesome life, the more so as then the snow sometimes covers the ground to such an extent, and the winds howl so terribly, that nobody can venture out of the house for weeks and weeks; but this is not so, at least not from their point of view; for many times have Icelanders been brought at the expenses of the government of Denmark, to which country Iceland belongs, to milder and more beautiful climes and have been surrounded with every imaginable comfort, but they in the most cases got soon homesick and kept pining away, longing and sighing for their northern home, with its bleak rocks, snowy peaks and wild winds. Among these people with simple habits the life and way of living of one family is about as near like those of all others as can be. We will see how they spend their time, especially during the long winter season, when there are no parties in a school-house, nor any theatre, nor meetings either, nor schools to attend, nor even neighboring houses to visit. Such Icelandic habitations consist generally of one single house, in which not only the family, but also the cattle, the sheep and the goats have their abode, being separated from one another only by a wooden partition. The general family resort is one large room with a spacious fireplace, big enough for the whole family to sit beneath its protruding roof around the huge fire, attending to their various occupations, while the female portion of the family are engaged in spinning and making the clothes for all, and the male members busy with working at implements for hunting, fishing and farming, and the head of the family or somebody else of the crowd,

most adapted for the purpose, is teaching the children to read and write. At certain times of the day or evening, however, all work ceases for the day, and the father of the family explains the Scriptures to his household, and tells them the traditions of their forefathers; the boys read extracts from the poets, or they make poetry themselves, in which accomplishment the most of that people are quite expert, even the young, or they engage in singing hymns. Although there are no schools in the whole country, but one in the capital place, Reikiaoik, and that one is only for young men, that wish to prepare themselves for the ministry, no child above twelve years in that land can be found, that can not read and write, and answer those questions about their religion, which are considered by them essential in their moral and intellectual education. About twice a year their Protestant minister makes the circuit among all the scattered homesteads, holding meetings with every family, examining the children and young people and spending a day or two in each house.

A particular trait in their character is their great piety, which is the foundation of all their morals; for although living in such a cold and rough country, and being a great deal out at sea fishing, and exposed to the cold storms and snows when out hunting, and suffering all kinds of hardships when they are once in a while overtaken by the terrible mountain torrents, that are caused by the sudden melting of immense snowfields in the mountains, through the breaking out of some new volcanic fires,—drunkenness, cursing or the taking in vain the name of God is not known among them. They are the remnant of a once mighty and great people, so they say themselves, and their country was once abounding in forests, meadows and green pastures, and thousands of cattle were browsing upon the hill-slopes. But the climate changed, the fires broke out from the mountains, lava covered the land and now Iceland bears its name in very deed. Like the remnant of scattered Judah, they not only speak of the glorious days that have been, but their songs tell us of their hope for a bright future, that will dawn upon their beloved island again, when rich pastures shall again adorn the valleys, and the mountains shall look glad in their beautiful garments of verdure.

So do we also find in those dreary lands, the old story of blessings departed and of hope that never dies.

K. G. M.

MARY'S "MINDING BABY" SONG.

A little girl I am indeed,  
And little do I know;  
Much help and care I yet shall need,  
That I may wiser grow;  
If I would ever hope to do  
Things great, and good, and useful too.

But even now I ought to try  
To do what good I may;  
God never meant that such as I  
Should only live to play,  
And talk and laugh, and eat and drink,  
And sleep and wake, and never think.

Then let me try, each day and hour,  
To act upon this plan;  
What little good is in my power,  
To do it while I can;  
If to be useful thus I try,  
I may do better by-and-bye.



## Biography.

### JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

**S**OON after the mob fled Dr. Richards came to Elder Taylor and informed him that they had run away, and at the same time informed him that Joseph was assuredly dead. He had only been aware of Joseph's fate, from an exclamation of Dr. Richards—"Is it possible that they have killed Brother Hyrum and Joseph? It cannot surely be, and yet I saw them shoot them."

What the feelings of these noble men must have been under these circumstances can better be imagined than described! Elder Taylor writes that he felt a deadly, lonely, sickening sensation at the news; it seemed as though there was an open void in the great field of human existence to him, a dark, gloomy chasm in the Kingdom, and that they were indeed left alone. He says, "Oh! how lonely was that feeling. How barren and desolate." He thought "why must the good perish and the virtuous be destroyed? Why must God's nobility, the salt of the earth, the most exalted of the human family, the most perfect types of excellence, fall victims to the cruel, fiendish hate of incarnate devils."

After it was ascertained that the mob had fled, he was taken from the cell to the head of the stairs and laid there. Soon a number of persons came around, among whom was a physician. He took a penknife from his pocket and made an incision in Elder Taylor's left hand, for the purpose of extracting the ball therefrom. He also got a pair of carpenter's compasses and made use of them to pry out the ball. After sawing for sometime with his dull penknife and prying with the compasses he succeeded in extracting the ball, weighing about half an ounce. He remarked to a gentlemen present that Elder Taylor had nerves like the devil to stand what he did.

Elder Richards sent a communication that evening to Nauvoo, addressed to Governor Ford, General Dunham, General Markham, and Emma Smith, Joseph's wife informing them of the fatal occurrence, and also that the citizens were afraid of being attacked; but that he had given them assurances that they should not be. A postscript was added to Elder Richards' communication, which was sent by Elder John Taylor. This note reached Nauvoo a little after sundown.

The Governor arrived at Carthage from Nauvoo, about midnight, and another letter was written by Brother Richards, and signed by himself, John Taylor and Samuel H. Smith, and addressed to Mrs. Emma Smith and Major General Dunham, saying to all the citizens of Nauvoo: "Be still and know that God reigns; do not rush out of the city, do not rush to Carthage!" The letter also informed them that the people of the county were greatly excited and feared the Mormons would come out and take vengeance. Dr. Richards said that he had pledged his word that the Mormons would stay at home.

Elder Taylor lay in his wounded condition till near midnight, before the Doctor could get any help or refreshments for him, nearly all the inhabitants of Carthage having fled in terror.

While the events which we have been narrating were transpiring at Carthage, Governor Ford was at Nauvoo. As we have informed you he left Carthage that morning (the 27th) to go there, notwithstanding he had been told, both before leaving and while on the road, that it was the intention of the mob to attack the jail and kill the prisoners. After reaching Nauvoo, the people were called together, and he made an address to them. It was one of the most infamous and insulting speeches ever delivered by a man in his position to a free people, and created considerable feeling among those who listened to it. Among other things he said:

"A great crime has been done by destroying the *Expositor* press and placing the city under martial law, and a *severe atonement must be made*, so prepare your minds for the emergency. Another cause of excitement is the fact of your having so many firearms; the public are afraid that you are going to use them against Government. I know there is a great prejudice against you on account of your peculiar religion, but you ought to be praying Saints, not military Saints. Depend upon it, a little more misbehavior from the citizens, and the torch, which is now already lighted, will be applied, the city may be reduced to ashes, and extermination would inevitably follow; and it gave me great pain to think that there was danger of so many innocent women and children being exterminated. If anything of a serious character should befall the lives or property of the persons who are prosecuting your leaders, you will be held responsible."

While speaking he stood upon the unfinished frame of a building on the corner below Joseph's Mansion—on the same spot from which Joseph, not long before, had delivered his last address to the Saints. There were a few of his men stood beside him. While he was speaking there was a concussion heard, as though it might be the faint sound of thunder from afar, and one of those who stood beside him heard it, looked around with some anxiety and said something to Ford, who soon finished his remarks. After he descended to the ground, he ordered his troops to get ready to return to Carthage. He was in haste to get away from Nauvoo, and the anxiety which he displayed excited comment at the time, though none, probably, suspected the true cause of his hurry. The writer was then a boy, he plainly heard the sound of which mention has been made, and looked around the cloudless sky to see whence it proceeded. It was about the time that the dreadful tragedy was being enacted at Carthage, and as a cannon was fired by the mob, on the road between Carthage and Warsaw, as a signal that the bloody deed had been accomplished, it was thought that the sound was the faint report of that signal. After the meeting Governor Ford and one of his companions walked up Water Street in the direction of Joseph's store, behind which they went and held an animated conversation. Here they probably discussed the events which they had reason to believe had taken place at Carthage; for the writer is firmly of the opinion, from the impressions their conduct made upon him at the time, that they knew or fully believed that the massacre had been accomplished. Their conversation ended, they walked quickly back to the Mansion, mounted their horses and rode off.

A few miles outside of Nauvoo the Governor and his party met two messengers, Brothers Geo. D. Grant and David Bettisworth, hastening to Nauvoo with the sad news of the murder of Joseph and Hyrum and the shooting of Elder Taylor. The Governor would not let them proceed, but took them back with him to Bro. Grant's house, one and a half miles east of Carthage. This he did to prevent their carrying the news, that he and the people of Carthage might have time to get out of harm's way, and to remove the county records and public documents from that town. After he reached Carthage, and had had an interview with Dr. Richards, he went to the public square and advised all who were present to disperse. He



expected, he said, the "Mormons" would be so exasperated that they would come and burn the town. He set them the example himself, which they were not slow to follow, by riding on as hard as he could in the direction of Quincy. He left Nauvoo about half past six in the evening, having rode there from Carthage in the morning; but he did not consider himself far enough from Nauvoo to take any rest until nearly fifty miles lay between himself and that city! Then he thought he might refresh himself a little; but he lost no more time than absolutely necessary and pushed hastily on to his home.

## THE EMPEROR FRANCIS.

THE Austrian Emperor Francis frequently gave audiences to his subjects; on one occasion a melancholy young man in deep thought came before him.

"What are you, and what do you want?" asked the monarch.

"I am a joiner's apprentice," he replied with trembling voice, "and wish to take my master's daughter to wife."

"And what have I to do with it?" asked the Emperor, smiling.

After a few moments of silence, the apprentice confessed that he had not enough money to purchase the privilege of setting up as a master-joiner, and as long as this failed him he could not marry. "And if I do not get the maiden for my wife," he ended his story, "then I shall throw myself into the Danube."

The Emperor, who had listened to the young fellow with pleasure, at the last words retreated two steps, and said with a voice of severe rebuke,—

"Fie! are you not ashamed of yourself—so young, and already so godless?" And measuring him with a stern look, he added, "The son of a citizen of Vienna, and yet with so little religion!"

After these words the Emperor left him standing, and continued his audience with other persons.

The joiner left the audience-chamber in despair. But the Emperor did not wish to deny the poor fellow his request—he only wanted to punish him first for his ungodly project of suicide, and to grant him his petition when he had shown himself worthy of the favor.

After the Emperor had made particular inquiries, which resulted to the joiner's honor, he gave him the right of setting up as a master-joiner, and with it a considerable sum of money from his own purse, so that he might commence his housekeeping with comfort. How happy the young pair were may readily be imagined!

The same Emperor knew well how to distinguish between the expressions of love and reverence and those of empty flattery; the latter he detested, as the following example will show.

Once a clever calligraphist presented the Emperor with an exquisitely drawn double eagle (the arms of Austria). All the lines in this drawing were formed of very small writing, each feather in the bird's wing contained a sentence naturally written, so finely that it could not be read with the naked eye.

This little work of art pleased the Emperor, and he wished to know the import of the writing in the eagle's feathers. These contained nothing but praise and flattery, the aim of which was to laud the Emperor's virtues as a ruler.

He looked sterner now, for he recognized in these sentences, not the warm enthusiasm of love, but only false and empty sound.

He impatiently interrupted the calligraphist in his reading, and gave him a present, with these words, "Take this; you are an excellent artist. If you were not a flatterer I should have rewarded you more handsomely."—*Selected.*

A lazy fellow once declared in public company that he did not find bread for his family.

"Nor I," replied an industrious merchant; "I am obliged to work for it."

## THE YOUNG LADIES' COLUMN.

*Resolutions of the 13th Ward Young Ladies' Department, of the Ladies' Co-operative Retrenchment Association, Organized June 27, 1870.*

*Resolved:* That we, the Daughters of Zion, perceiving that many duties are incumbent upon us, heartily concur with those resolutions, already adopted, by the departments of different Wards, and are eager to offer our influence for the aid and support of this noble reform of dress. Inasmuch, as our Prophet Brigham Young has led us here, into these pure and peaceful vales, far from the midst of Babylon, we believe it ignoble to imitate those worthless and inconstant habits acquired by the world.

*Resolved:* That we are now determined to maintain an independence, as regards the refinement of our apparel. We will conform to no customs, inconsistent with true taste, delicacy and judgment; but the adornment of our persons *shall be compatible* with becoming gentility, regardless of the fashion plates of the day, and we will place before the world an example worthy of imitation; for we realize that the cultivation of our immortal minds is of more value than perishable ornaments.

*Resolved:* That we make an effort to be temperate, avoiding the useless habit of frivolous conversation, and strive to become more enlightened and intelligent; to be judicious in the selection of our companions, and in our associations endeavor to inspire a sentiment of improvement.

*Resolved:* That we will carry out the advice of President Young and his Counselors. We feel to sustain the priesthood, and every institution organized by it; for we believe that those holding it have a right to dictate in all things. We will endeavor to keep the commandments of God, and humbly live the religion we profess, and never speak lightly of its sacred principles.

MISS FLORA L. SHIPP, President,	
MISS FRANK WELLS,	} Counselors.
MISS MARY WOOLLEY,	
MISS DEZZY WELLS,	
MISS BELLE PARKS,	
MISS EMMA WELLS,	
MISS KATY WELLS,	
MISS LYDIA YOUNG, Secretary.	

## MICHAEL ANGELO.

THIS great sculptor, architect, and painter, was born A. D. 1464, in the neighborhood of Florence. His great genius showed itself in his earliest childhood. The ruler of Tuscany, Lorenzo de Medici, a great patron of the arts, was so pleased with the boy's simple manners, as well as by his devotion to art, that he invited him to reside entirely in his house, where he remained three years, treated with the greatest kindness. On Lorenzo's death, his brother Pietro continued to patronize Michael Angelo, but in a different spirit. Treating art as a toy, he employed the artist during a severe winter to make a statue of snow. Owing to his bad government Pietro was driven from Florence in 1494.

A few days later, Michael Angelo made the celebrated statue of a 'sleeping Cupid,' which was sent to Rome, where, without the sculptor's consent, it was shown as a piece of sculpture which had been dug up from a vineyard and pronounced to be a genuine antique, superior to anything which the art of the day had been able to produce. When the trick was known, Michael Angelo's reputation



was so increased by it, that he was invited to Rome, where he devoted himself to close study, and executed several marvelous works. By the novelty and grandeur of his style he created quite a new era in the arts. He designed the celebrated Church of St. Peter's at Rome, the largest and grandest in the world, as well as the magnificent monument for Pope Julius II.'s tomb.

While this latter work was in progress, his patron, the same Pope, delighted to come and inspect it, but it was interrupted by an accident which strongly marks the character of the artist. Having twice called upon his Holiness and not been able to obtain admission, and imagining that he had been rudely treated by an officer in attendance, he told his servants to sell his goods to the Jews, and at once started for Florence. Five couriers from the Pope hastened after him, to command his immediate return, but the great sculptor was inflexible and continued his journey. Arrived at Florence he was summoned by the Pontiff to return to Rome. At last he yielded to persuasion. The Pope received him angrily; the artist excused himself, saying, that after his faithful services to his Holiness, he could not submit to the indignity of being denied admission to him. A bishop in attendance observed to the Pope that such persons, however expert in their profession, were usually ignorant of everything else. "Who told thee to interfere?" said Julius, bestowing a hearty blow with his staff on the bishop's shoulders, and commanding Michael Angelo to kneel, he gave him his benediction, and received him into full favor.

The great artist now commenced one of his grandest works, the painting of the roof of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, which he completed in a year and eight months. When Raphael saw it, struck with admiration, he immediately changed his own style, and, with the candor of a great mind, thanked God that he had been born in the same age with so great an artist. The next Pope, Leo X., treated Michael Angelo badly, and during his whole pontificate we cannot but read with surprise and indignation that this extraordinary man was employed in hewing rocks and excavating a road for the conveyance of marble from the quarries. Afterwards he withdrew to Venice, where he designed the Rialto Bridge. Returned to Rome he finished Julius II.'s monument, and proceeded with his picture of the Last Judgment, also for the Sistine Chapel, an immense work which occupied him eight years.

The career of Michael Angelo is an example of the splendid results produced by great powers when joined with great opportunities.

The closing years of his life were occupied in the construction of the magnificent fabric of St. Peter's Church. He was able also to direct fortifications, adorn the Capitol with superb buildings, finish the Farnese palace, and design other works, though harassed by the opposition of his enemies and rivals. Old age with its infirmities came upon him, but he retained the vigor of his mental faculties to the end. He died A. D. 1563, in his 89th year. His last words were, "In your passage through this life remember the sufferings of Jesus Christ." He was buried at Rome, but his remains were afterwards removed to the Church of Sta. Croce at Florence, where so many of the great men of Italy have found their last resting-place.—*Selected.*

HOPE is the last lingering light of the human heart. It shines when every other is put out. Extinguish it and the gloom of affliction becomes the very blackest of darkness—cheerless and impenetrable.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*]

## Original Poetry.

### JUNE.

The brook with soft ripple is lucid and light,  
The sunbeams are sparkling merry and bright,  
The rosebush has put on its loveliest dress,  
And dear, happy peace seems all nature to bless;  
The days have grown sultry and busy and long,  
The school children frolic with laughter and song,  
The notes of the wild bird are dulcet and clear,  
And Summer, fair, beautiful Summer is here!

The soul is refreshed while it fondly delights,  
To drink the calm bliss of the sounds and the sights;  
No holier music our earth doth impart,  
Than the voices of nature borne home to the heart;  
Nor artist could picture a landscape so grand,  
As some we may find in our own mountain land;  
I listen and gaze, and heart, ear and eyes,  
Each morn seem to witness some new, glad surprise.

I wonder if elsewhere on earth could be found,  
All blessings so goodly as here doth abound;  
These valleys were dreary and desert and wild,  
But I loved their kind looks even thus, when a child:  
An infant I came to them, with them have grown,  
Yet their faults and deficiencies never have known,  
But have ever found pleasure in calling them blest,  
And, being a dweller, to share with the rest;  
To dwell where God reigns is a glorious boon,  
And I love my dear home and its sweet, rosy June.  
June 9th, 1870. LULA.

### THE ALPHABET.

A is an Angel of blushing eighteen:  
B is the Balt where the Angel was seen:  
C is the Chaperone who cheated at cards:  
D is the Deuxtamps, with Frank of the Guards:  
E is the Eye which those soft lashes cover:  
F is the Fan it peeped wickedly over:  
G is the Glove of superlative kid:  
H is the Hand that it spitefully hid:  
I is the Ice which the fair one demanded:  
J is the Juvenile who hurried to hand it:  
K is the Kerchief, a rare work of art:  
L is the Lace which composed the chief part:  
M is the old Maid who watched the girls dance:  
N is the Nose she turned up at a glance:  
O is the Olga, just then in its prime:  
P is the Partner who wouldn't keep time:  
Q is a Quadrille put instead of the Lancers:  
R the Remonstrances made by the dancers:  
S is the Supper, where all went in pairs:  
T is the Twaddle they talked on the stairs:  
U is the Uncle who 'thought we'd be going':  
V is the Voice which the neice replied 'No' in:  
W is the Waiter who sat up till eight:  
X is his exit not perfectly straight:  
Y is the Yawning fit caused by the ball:  
Z stands for Zero, or nothing at all.

## JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,  
EVERY OTHER SATURDAY.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Single Copy, per Annum.....\$3 00.  
Single Copy, for Six Months..... 1 50.

Grain brought to this City for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will be received at the office of our paper—DESERET NEWS BUILDINGS.